Thou haſt redeemed thy loſt opinion,
And ſhewd thou makeſt ſome tender of my life,
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to mee.

Prince. O God, they did mee too much iniurie,
That euer ſaid, I hearkned to your death:
If it were ſo, I might haue let alone
The inſulting hand of *Douglas* ouer you,
Which would haue beene as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poyſonous potions in the world,
And ſau'd the trecherous labour of your Sonne.

King. Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to S. *Nicholas Gawſey* *Exit.*

Enter Hotſpur.

Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art Harry *Monmouth?*

Prince. Thou ſpeakſt, as if I would deny my name.

Hot. My name is Harry *Percy.*

Prince. Why then I ſee a very valiant Rebell of that name.
I am the *Prince of Wales*; and thinke not, *Percy*,
To ſhare with mee in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphear,
Nor can one *England* brooke a double raigne,
Of Harry *Percy*, and the *Prince of Wales.*

Hot. Now ſhall it Harry: for the houre is come,
To end the one of vs; and would to God,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.

Prince. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee,
And all thy budding Honours on thy Creſt
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. *Enter Falſtaffe.*

Falſ. Well ſaid, *Hal*, to it, *Hal.* Nay, you ſhall finde no Boyes play heere, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas: he fights with Falſtaffe, he fals downe as if he were dead, the Prince killeth *Percy.*

Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou haſt robd mee of my youth:
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle life,
Then thoſe proud Titles thou haſt won of mee,
They wound my thoughts worſe then the word my fleſh:

But

But thought's the ſlaue of life, and life, times fo
And Time that takes ſuruey of all the world,
Muſt haue a ſtop. O, I could propheſie,
But that the Earth, and cold hand of Death
Lies on my tongue: no *Percy*, thou art duſt,
And food for

Prince. For Worms, braue *Percy.* Fare thee w
Ill weau'd Ambition: how much art thou ſhru
When that this body did containe a ſpirit,
A Kingdome for it, was too ſmall a bound,
But now two paces of the vileſt Earth,
Is roome enough: this earth that beares thee
Beares not aliue ſo ſtout a Gentleman.
If thou wert ſenſible of courteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew of zeale;
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my ſelfe
For doing theſe faire rites of tenderneſſe.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to Heauen,
Thy ignomy ſleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

He ſpieth Falſtaffe on the ground.

What, old acquaintance, could not all this fle
Keepe in a little life? poore *Iacke*, farewell;
I could haue better ſpar'd a better man;
O, I ſhould haue a heauy miſſe of thee,
If I were much in loue with vanitie;
Death hath not ſtrooke ſo faire a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody fray,
Imboweld will I ſee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood by noble *Percy* lie.

Falſtaffe riſeth vp.

Falſ. Imboweld? if thou imbowell me toda
ſeane to powder me, and eate mee too to morrow
time to counterfeit, or that hot Termagant Scot
ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfe
bee a counterfeit, for hee is but the counterfeit
hath not the life of a man; but to counterfeit dyi